

Losers

orphan_account

Losers by orphan_account

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - 1980s, Alternate Universe - No IT (King), Bisexual Richie Tozier, Bullying, Child Abuse, Depression, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Implied bottom Stan, Kidnapper/Killer Pennywise, M/M, Minor Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Original Character Death(s), Original Character(s), People being creepy at Eddie, Period-Typical Homophobia, Self-Harm, Slow Burn

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Eddie Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-10-01

Updated: 2017-10-30

Packaged: 2020-01-29 15:41:54

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 14

Words: 15,671

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eddie Kaspbrak never questioned his mother's decisions for him.

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Good luck.

Eddie Kaspbrak never questioned his mother's decisions for him. He just nodded, smiled, and did whatever made her feel happy. So he had no trouble downing the little blue capsules before and after dinner. He had no problem sleeping in the eerie cold basement that sparked his nightmares. He had no complaints when he lied saying that he stayed up reading that's why he fell asleep in class. Eddie only asked once why he couldn't play outside with the other kids, and his reply was that they're dirty and filthy and he's too pure for them.

Eddie often clawed at himself violently when he slept at night. He tried to wake himself up with pain, but that only encouraged the nightmares to get more and more vivid. So when he woke up he would cry out in agony at night, but Sonya was sound asleep upstairs. Leaving him staring up at the dusty ceiling until he drifted off into another nightmare.

"Eddie!" Sonya's voice was faint from upstairs but Eddie could still barely hear it. He replied with a loud: "I'm coming!" and raced from the basement.

"Yes mommy?" Eddie panted, a bit out of breath. Sonya smiled and pinched his cheeks between her stubby fingers.

"You're gonna be the one buying the groceries this time." Sonya smile widened as she shoved a 100 dollar bill in his hands, Eddie beamed but Sonya frowned. "Remember what I've always told you Eddie, kids are filthy and disgusting." Eddie nodded and her smile returned. "Now go put on your sweater and your knee socks and run along! I'll be expecting you about 7:25!" Sonya chuckled as Eddie bolted to the basement in a hurry to get dressed.

Eddie frowned as his wardrobe was pretty much only turtlenecks, long sleeved shirts and white Knee socks. Eddie's frowned deepened

when he remembered today's weather report.

95 degrees everyone!

Looks like there's no easing in with summer heat!~

The weather man sang with cheesy smile.

After Eddie reluctantly got dressed and shoved his necessary belongings in his fanny pack, he sprinted out the door waving behind him at Sonya.

Eddie strolled through Derry on his bike, careful to avoid the kids who were rough-housing on neighbor's lawns. He slowed his bike and stopped it with his foot once he reached the grocery store. He hopped off his bike, completely ignoring the sound of it clattering as he sprinted in the store. He almost drooled over the candy's and chocolate bars presented to him, but he if he wanted to be a good boy he'd ignore his cravings.

That's right Eddie, control your cravings if you wanna be a good boy!

Eddie should be walking away, but his eyes were still glued on the candy.

Eddie, be a deary and walk. away.

Eddie hesitated, he didn't know why.

Eddie.

Eddie bit his lip and turned away, he *needed* to be a good boy. So he reached in his fanny pack and pulled out the small, crumpled piece of paper with some items written on it. Eddie tossed them in his cart, paid and left. Only to stop dead in his tracks. He had seven extra dollars, and the candy was only 67 cents. So that's how Eddie Kaspbrak found himself licking the salted caramel covered in chocolate off his fingers. He briefly shivered, he was still better than those kids he saw on the street right? Eddie didn't know and honestly right now he couldn't bring himself to care, all he cared about right now was licking the sticky evidence from his slender fingers.

2. Chapter 2

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie's gotta watch his back

Eddie watched as the vegetables swirled in his soup with tired eyes, he told Sonya that he could go to sleep just fine without the pills, but she insisted and it ended with her hand on his mouth forcing the pills to go down. He could barely lift the spoon to his mouth and when he did, his hand was positioned wrong and the soup fell with a *splash* right back into the bowl.

Eddie slowly blinked at his mother as if he was trying to signal that he was too tired to eat, but her tight smile told him that he had no other choice than to finish the food in front of him.

"*Eddie*, what did I say about falling asleep at the table?" Sonya cooed, making Eddie's eyes leave the bowl to look at his mother who was getting ready to put her dish in the sink. Eddie gave her an apologetic smile.

"Sorry mommy, it won't happen again."

"Good, now finish your soup. Your pills are in the cabinet," her smile faltered. "And i'll know if you took them or not." Eddie shivered. He remembers quite clearly what happened when he didn't take his pills.

Eddie let out a small sigh of frustration as he began sipping the soup from his spoon. The soup was now cold and disgusting, but he still drank it and tried to pretend that the soup was still warm and delicious. When he finished he went over to the cabinet and pulled pulled out a small tube. He squirmed under Sonya's gaze, but he still swallowed the pills with only some difficulty.

"*Good Boy!* Tomorrow you can play outside Eddie, isn't that great!" Sonya cheered. Eddie did a light grunt in response as he made his way to the basement. He turned on the light that barely illuminated the room so he could strip himself from his knee socks and black turtleneck. Eddie laid on his back and pulled up his knees to be

submerged in the blanket that he was growing out of.

Eddie closed his eyes as he remembered his mother's words.

"Eddie when you're asleep nothing can hurt you, and you can never upset mommy when you're sleeping right?" Eddie replied with an enthusiastic 'right'.

"So that's why you take so many pills. So you can be my pure little boy forever."

"Eddie, come back at 9:50!" Sonya called out as Eddie left his house in such a hurry. Sonya never let him wander out past 7:00, but the past few months he's been such a good boy that she just couldn't resist giving him a greater reward.

Eddie sprinted out the house with a short sleeved shirt, shorts and knee socks. He was proud to be wearing something that seemed remotely appropriate for the weather. Plus he wouldn't allow anyone to get close enough to see this long red gashes that marked his arms and legs.

Eddie smiled to himself when no one spared a glance when he walked around town.

Eddie found himself wandering back to a small convenience store, he didn't even mind in the slightest that it was empty, all except for one man who strolled through the aisles.

"Excuse me?" Eddie mumbled, careful not to get too close. The man turned, his bored expression replaced with a grin.

"My, my, what's a kid like you doin out this late?" Eddie shifted around a bit before answering.

"I'm looking for the candy aisle."

The man's smile widened.

"You like candy?~" Eddie nodded.

"Well," the man reached in his pocket and pulled out a lollipop. "I've got some candy right here.~" He sang, making Eddie take a step back. Eddie watched as the man slowly unwrapped it to reveal a round, red, lollipop. Eddie wasn't dumb, he knew when he should get the fuck out of creepy situations.

"No thank--" Eddie had no time to finish his sentence before the lollipop was shoved in his mouth, the man's hand was on his shoulder keeping Eddie in place.

"*mmf!*" Eddie tried to wiggle out of the bruising grip, but the hand was firm.

"Hey!"

Eddie and the man turned.

"Get the fuck off him."

A girl, with short red hair who was obviously chewing bubble gum yelled, with a group of boys behind her.

The man's eyes narrowed but he didn't stop forcing the lollipop in Eddie's mouth. Although the tight grip on Eddie's shoulder loosened.

Eddie used that opportunity to wiggle away and gasp for air, he felt like he was being suffocated by a *fucking lollipop*. As soon as he was away his fingers fumbled with his fanny pack and took out his inhaler, he pressed the trigger until his heart slowed down and his breath didn't come out shaky and erratic.

"Th-thank you." Eddie managed out, still gasping.

"Yi-yu-yo-yo-your w-welcome." A boy forced out with his face flushed. He obviously looked embarrassed because he messed up on a simple sentence.

Eddie turned to where the man once stood, he shivered as he let someone so disgusting touch him.

"I thought everyone knew to watch out for the town creep." A lil' chubby boy commented.

"I-I don't go out much."

"Did the town's PC do that to yah?" A boy with thick framed glasses pointed at the long red marks that decorated Eddie's arms and legs. Eddie froze before doing a useless attempt to pull down the sleeves of his T-shirt.

"What does PC stand for?" Eddie said, completely changing the topic.

"Pedophile Creep." A boy said with a shrug.

"Hmm." Eddie hummed.

"What's your name?" The girl's rude demeanor was gone and she now had a kind smile.

"Er, Eddie."

"You should hang out with us." A african american boy grinned at Eddie and again, Eddie shifted.

"Y-ye-yr-yeah, w-we c-ce-can teach y-you th-things ab-about the t-town." Eddie stared as his mother's words repeated in his mind.

Other kids are filthy and dirty. They have foul mouths and dangerous intentions.

"Sure." Eddie gave a small smile before leaving the store.

Honestly, he was tired of talking to his mother all day.

3. Chapter 3

Eddie had no idea why he decided to meet up with kids he didn't even know the names of, was it the rebellious phase Sonya talked about? Eddie gripped the handlebars on his bike tighter, he didn't want to leave his mother like those other kids when they had their rebellious phase. He loved Sonya all too much to do that.

Eddie had no idea where the group of friends would actually be, but he guessed that they were where they first met. The convenience store.

"Ah, look, it's Eds!" The boy with the annoyingly thick glasses smirked as Eddie set his bike on a tree stump.

"It's Eddie." Eddie huffed in frustration.

"Ignore him." The girl gave the boy an accusing glare before smiling at Eddie. "I'm Beverly Marsh."

"Mike Hanlon."

"Ben Hanscom."

"Be-Bill Den-Denbrough."

"Richie Tozier, nice to meet chya!"

"Stan Uris."

Eddie shifted as he hesitantly sat down next to Bill, he looked at his shoes before someone spoke up.

"We-welcome to the L-loser's Club." Bill stuttered out as he shook Eddie's hand, and Eddie just stared in shock.

His new group of friends or as Eddie liked to call them, 'acquaintances', weren't as awful as his mother made them out to be. Sure they had foul mouths but they didn't seem like they had bad intentions. Eddie always knew that his mother was right, mother's were always right. But maybe this time... she was wrong?

"So, Eds," Eddie groaned slightly. "Why don't you come outside a lot?" Richie asked with an eyebrow raised.

"Erm, I told you I don't go out." It wasn't a complete lie, but he wasn't telling the whole truth either.

"But why?" Richie continued to press and Eddie picked the skin around his thumb until it bled.

"Cause I don't like going outside."

Eddie sighed in relief as Richie let the topic go with a shrug, and continued making rude and inappropriate gestures about some kid in his class. And Eddie flinched at the forwardness of Richie.'

"Eddie I got you something." Mike reached into his bag and pulled out a wrapped ice-cream shaped container. "Not sure if you like vanilla but..."

Eddie bit back a smile as he took the cream from Mike's hand and began tearing away at the golden laced wrapper.

Eddie almost moaned over the flavoring of the cream, he always dreamed of tasting these when he was a smaller.

"Mommy, can I have some quarters to get ice-cream?"

"Ah, Eddie, do you want to get so fat that you can't even take care of me when I'm old?"

Eddie sniffed, "no mommy, but I'm only having one!"

"Yes but after you get one, you want another, and another and another, and another! Don't make me add another set of pills okay?"

"Okay."

"Shit he looks like he's havin' an orgasm!" Richie hollered as Eddie's face flushed and all the other's loser's scrunched their face up in total disgust.

Eddie couldn't hold it.

"Shut the fuck up Trashmouth!"

"Trashmouth?" Richie raised his eyebrows at the nickname and Eddie's face only continued reddening.

"It fits." Beverly said smugly.

"Richie do you always have to be this disgusting?" Stan crossed his arms.

"You love it.~"

"I don't." He said firmly, arms still crossed.

The loser's talked for awhile, Eddie mostly being included by other members such as Beverly, Bill, and Richie.

The fun began to end when Eddie started flailing his arms and yelling about how late it was, nearly tripped over his own bike.

"Bye Eds! Give your mommy a *big* smooch for me, k?" Richie yelled after Eddie as Eddie stick his middle finger high in the air.

As Eddie peddled off he began to think, he had used foul language and disobeyed his mother who had given him so much just to play with his friends. Eddie bit the inside of his cheek, was it okay to call them friends? Eddie would never leave Sonya, so he decided that his actions from here on out don't mean anything.

As long as he never leaves her.

4. Chapter 4

Summary for the Chapter:

Eddie gets fucked up

"So, who's gonna jump first?"

Silence.

It had been a higher location for the losers, except for Eddie who had no idea how to go about this at all.

"Meh, I'll keep the trend going." Bev said, already skidding backwards away from the losers. Eddie gulped thickly as he watched her sprint and leap off the edge of the cliff gracefully, landing with a large splash in the water.

"Me next!" Mike yelled as he mimicked Beverly's movements expect he yelled *WOOHOO* as he jumped off the edge.

Next was ben, who tried to do a backflip off the cliff, but only succeeding halfway, causing him to go in a awkward position.

Stan leaped off in a swan dive position, and bill just jumped with his legs kicking violently in the air.

"There is no way in *hell* that I'm jumping off that." Eddie wheezed as he glared at the edge. He looked at Richie who only shrugged and set his glasses on a rock next to Eddie's fanny pack, and cannonballed his way down into the water.

Eddie clutched himself protectively, *they are all crazy*, he thought as he continued to stare at the edge with such intensity that his eyes hurt. He cringed as he heard his friends faintly cheering his name. Eddie took some steps back, not as far as Bev but somewhere near and began sprinting with his eyes closed. He leaped, and prayed that when he hit the water it wouldn't hurt.

Unfortunately, he leaped too early. Eddie let out a loud screech of distress as he tried to his nails to claw himself back over the edge,

since his legs were dangling off. Eddie screamed and flailed his arms and legs as he began falling. He squeezed his eyes shut and prepared himself for the rocks to pierce his skin and break his bones, but instead he felt the unpleasant sting of water entering his nose. He kicked his legs and tried to pull himself to the surface, with no help of his friends. When he was able to break through the water, he glared at them accusingly.

"The hell, why didn't you guys help me?" Eddie shivered at temperature of the water, and Stan only shrugged with a smile. Eddie glared at Richie as he cackled.

"Fuck off."

"That's why your ass slipped." Richie wheezed out, his face all red from laughter, and even Stan began laughing.

Eddie, who was in the middle of a laughing fit with his eyes scrunched up and mouth wide open, was snapped out of his happy trance with water being splashed in his face.

"What the actual *fuck* Richie!?" Eddie yelled, though a smile was breaking through.

Soon the losers were making alliances and splashing the warmish water on each others faces.

"Well well well, if it isn't the fags and the slut." An all-to-familiar voice cooed, as Henry Bowers's psychotic gang dragged the losers from the water and surrounded them. They watched as they shivered pathetically under their gaze.

"Fuck you want Bowers?" Richie sneered, Eddie cringed as Richie's voice slightly shook.

"R-run!" Mike, who wasn't brave for shit, tried to dive away but Eddie whimpered as he was shoved into the dirt by Patrick.

"Add a new fag to the group?" Eddie blinked and Henry was in front of him, flicking the switchblade on and off. Much to Henry's surprise, Eddie turned and sprinted back in the water, as quickly as he could he began climbing the rocks.

Stan turned away, Mike began crying, Richie, Beverly, and Bill screamed no, Ben sputtered as Henry Bowers dug the blade in the back of Eddie's leg.

Eddie fell into the water, his screams turned into gurgles.

Henry didn't have anytime to pull out the knife before he was chased off by the failing arms of Beverly Marsh and Richie Tozier.

~

"It *fucking hurts*," Eddie groaned out, taking another whiff from his inhaler that they retrieved by the rock. Beverly cringed, she'd been the one to rip out the switchblade and toss it in the water with no hesitation.

"Come on Eds, you can do this." Richie did his best to help Eddie through his pain, but Eddie just glanced at him before rolling on his side and groaning in pain, yelling for someone to do something, *anything*.

"This is crazy, we need to call for help." Stan gripped his hair tightly and tugged at it, his breath came out shaky, he didn't like blood.

"S-stan it's okay, we're all w-wu-worried, but th-thank god it was a small bl-blade." Bill pulled Stan into a tight hug, before patting his back and kneeling beside Eddie.

"Y-your gonna make it. It's not dea-deep, yu-you'll live."

Beverly ripped a piece of cloth from her dress and wrapped it around Eddie's leg, Eddie bit his lip at the sting of added pressure.

"This is all my fault, I wanted to go here and--"

"Richie," Eddie wheezed,"I wanted to go, it's not your fault."

"He could've killed you." Richie murmured and the losers stayed quiet. It was true, the fact that Henry had zero morals scared the shit out of all of them. He could do whatever he wanted and just smile as if it never happened.

Eddie tried to shrug it off and laugh but it came out strangled and forced. Eddie ran a hand through his hair, since when did life begin to hurt?

Eddie had called his mom and told her that he'd be staying at a friend's house. After bickering and a long lecture, he was able to stay at Richie's house. They treated the wound properly and now Richie was laying on his bed as Eddie stood there awkwardly not sure of what he should do. Richie patted the spot down next to him, making Eddie freeze.

"...what?"

"We can't have you sleeping on the floor Eds."

"S-still!"

"My sheets are freshly washed don't worry." Before Eddie could comprehend what was happening, he was tugged down into a bone crushing cuddle. Eddie blushed furiously.

"D-don't fucking cuddle with me!" Eddie tried to wiggle free but Richie's bearhug was inescapable. Eddie gave up five minutes later. He reluctantly settled down into Richie's warmth and closed his eyes, he already heard Richie's snoring.

And for once, Eddie didn't wake up in agony.

5. Chapter 5

Long, slender, and decaying fingers wrapped around Eddie's neck and squeezed, making the boy choke and gasp.

The Leper's face was emotionless as it's fingers continued to press and press against warm flesh of a seventeen year old boy. Eddie could feel tears escaping the corners of his eyes as he dug his fingers into the leper's face. Eddie let out a choked distressed gasp as he felt most of the leper's flesh coming off the horrific face. He struggled to let out a scream as maggots wriggled out of the leper's empty eye sockets and fall on the blue-faced Eddie.

Eddie gasped and sputtered as decaying fingers left his neck, leaving him shock.

The leper's spidery long finger twirled itself around the waistband of Eddie's shorts, making Eddie shiver and squirm away.

"S-stop!" Eddie pleaded as he began crawling backwards until he felt the cold wall pressing against his back. The leper's half fallen off face enhanced towards him, until Eddie could feel its hot breath tickling his face in the most unpleasant way and--

Eddie woke up and he actually couldn't breathe. He was scared that the dream was actually real life since he woke up in a world full of grey. Eddie gasped, only having little air entering his lungs, he craned his neck and twisted his face away and sighed in relief of having air in his lungs. Eddie let out a shaky sigh as he heard Richie's soft snores beside him. Eddie looked down at himself, he didn't claw himself raw(which was a plus), but it wasn't that surprising that the nightmares didn't slow. But this dream was less explicit than the others.

Eddie froze as arms tightened around him and he felt a face being buried in his neck and a slight murmuring of what Eddie thought was his name. but Eddie who is always in denial, brushed the thought out of his mind and focused on that fact that Richie Tozier was spooning him. They literally met a month ago, and now Eddie's sleeping in someone else's room. A room with clothes hanging off of

lamps and other various places of the room. Books were open and were sprawled everywhere. Half finished homework was clinging to the edge of the desk and Eddie spotted a hidden pack of cigarettes under Richie's dresser. Eddie slowly began to remove Richie's arms, but with slight movement, Richie's arms tightened and Eddie shivered as the back of his shirt had ridden up and he could feel Richie's skin on his lower back.

"Richie." Eddie's voice came out as firm and quiet and Richie only mumbled into his shoulder. "Fucking hell Richie get up." Eddie scowled and he was thankful that Richie couldn't see his embarrassingly red face right now.

Richie cracked open one eye and let out a husky, annoyed, "*what?*"

"I'm glad you're awake because I'm not a teddy bear!" Eddie's voice got high-pitched at the end due to the level of embarrassment and Richie only laughed.

"You're so cute Eds, almost as cute as your mom when she's--"

Eddie elbowed him in the stomach.

"Shit Eds, that hurts!"

"Don't call me Eds." Eddie sat up and thankfully the blush was gone and he was looking at Richie with fond disdain. Eddie looked at the clock and huffed under his breath, he wasn't necessarily upset but he didn't wanna go home either. "It's 10:34 I have to go home." Eddie glared at the summer sun before stripping himself from Richie's covers and his bed.

"At least get breakfast," Richie scurried after Eddie and nearly tackled him to get him to stop moving.

"My mom has breakfast prepared." Eddie mumbled as the aftershocks of his nightmare began to hit him. That one had been happening repeatedly. Richie crossed arms stubbornly and blocked his room door.

"Nope."

"Richie are you serious?"

"Yep."

"Fucking hell."

"Language Eds." Richie snickered. "I'll be back." Richie turned and bolted, leaving Eddie in the room.

~

"I've developed a love for Ice-cream cake." Eddie gazed off lovingly as he was savoring the last bite of his cake in his mouth.

" Another thing for you to tickle your pickle over."

"Tickle my wha--ew! God you're disgusting!" Eddie shoved Richie's arm. "And why are we eating ice-cream for breakfast? Not that I'm complaining."

Richie shrugged, "didn't feel like making something I guess."

"Crap it's 10:56, I have to go!" Before Richie could protest, Eddie was out Richie's bedroom door and sprinting to his house.

6. Chapter 6

Summary for the Chapter:

Nothing really I should warn you about but beware I guess.

Eddie didn't know how he sparked Henry Bowers attention. He was just strolling on his bike when the chain was stuck. Of course Patrick had to be the one who threw the rock, and now Eddie was running for his life. He was never a fast runner, nor did he have good stamina, but he had *somewhat* of a good endurance. Due to the injury on his leg that he received a week ago, every step he took he slowed down, and the Bower's gang kept advancing. Eddie shivered as felt Henry's fingers ghosting on the back of his shirt, making him yelp and jump up.

Eddie screamed when Henry got a hold of him and threw him against rocks, making Eddie groan in pain. Henry yanked him up by the back collar of his shirt and Eddie groaned again at the sudden movement. Blood fell down Eddie's face, leaving a streak on his left eye. Eddie stared in utter shock as he was face to face with the infamous Henry Bowers.

"I finally caught you," Henry teased as he traced Eddie's features with the point of his knife. "You like the mark I left on you?" Eddie shook with fear and pain as the point pressed against his shoulder blade, drawing blood. Eddie began thrashing, trying to headbutt Blech who was holding him still so Henry could abuse him.

"Heh, look at him squirm." Peter smirked.

"We should like, do something to him." Steve clicked his tongue as he circled Eddie ominously.

Eddie had stopped thrashing three minutes later. He just hung his head low and squeezed his eyes shut, already accepting his fate. He groaned and doubled over in pain as Henry sent a punch to his stomach. "Now that's no fun if you just give up, scream for me like you scream and groan for men." Eddie flinched in disgust and pain as

he was shoved back into the stones, making him curl up. Eddie squeezed his eyes shut again and thought about the leper, how it's fingers curled around Eddie's shorts and Eddie could only scream, cry, and freeze when it touched him. It never seemed like it was actually speaking, but Eddie could hear it's disoriented voice in his mind telling him that it could do horrible things to him. But whenever the shorts came off he woke up with flesh under his fingers and pain all over his arms and legs.

Eddie's eyes shot open when he felt a cold and rough hand on his thigh and Henry hovering over him, holding a knife to his left eye. Eddie quickly decided that it was to hold him in place.

"G-get the fuck off me!" Eddie screamed as the trashing began again, except more violent. Eddie managed to shove a surprised Henry off him and stand up, and before he knew it, he was running. Running faster than before, like the adrenaline decided to kick in now. He hated annoying Richie with his problems, but he didn't know who to go and he didn't know where the others lived, and it's like he could go to his mom crying like when he scraped his knee on the ground. He pounded on Richie's door, and prayed that Richie's parents wouldn't open.

Richie opened the door with an eyebrow raised and with an a comment already at the tip of his tongue. "Eds! Your mom's asking for more already? Such a naughty--what the fuck?" Richie's eyes widen as Eddie almost collapsed in Richie's arms. Richie didn't even ask, he just began rushing Eddie up to his room, and Eddie caught a glimpse of Richie's mom passed out on the couch.

"Wha--"

"Henry Bowers." Eddie breathed out as he collapsed on Richie's bed. "Can I use your shower?" Eddie could still feel Henry's hand on his thigh. "Please?"

"I dunno, it'd seem pretty suspicious since I never take a shower." Richie joked as he helped Eddie to his bathroom.

~

Eddie rubbed his red thigh, he had scrubbed so hard that the skin had become red and sensitive, and it hurt at the slightest touch.

"So... you gonna tell me what happened?" Richie nudged Eddie softly as Eddie applied the bandage to his shoulder.

Eddie shrugged, "I dunno I guess I just happened to be there in their line of vision."

"That's the second time you barely escaped with your life." Richie almost missed the sniff that erupted from Eddie. "Eds?"

"D-don't call me that." Eddie could barely see through his glossed eyes but he still glared at Richie and Richie laughed.

"Even though you were just almost murdered you still make a mean ol' glare Eddie Spaghetti." Richie winked making Eddie pull his knees to his chest.

"It's already late." Eddie huffed as the sunset colours began to emerge against the faded blue. "I'll tell Sonya that I'm staying over." Eddie mumbled, already grabbing Richie's home phone before he could protest.

~

Eddie was slow, he didn't know why he just was. His legs felt like they weighed 4 tons and he struggled to breath as he ran. Though the leper had twig like legs, it was oddly fast, and Eddie yelled as it's fingers grasped his arms.

"Let go, let go, let go!" Eddie screamed as he clawed at the leper's arm, he ignored the fact that flesh came off with each and every scratch.

"I'm not letting you go this time!" Eddie's head snapped up to see Henry's decaying face with a crooked grin. Eddie froze as Henry's fingers ghosted Eddie's waist. "I see you scrubbed off my mark on you~"it teased as it began gripping the same spot on Eddie's thigh. "Guess I'll have to make another!" It giggled as it tugged at Eddie shorts. Eddie whimpered as it came off with ease. Eddie was surprised that he wasn't awake by now, gripping at the bedsheets and sobbing his eyes out, crying for Sonya to save him. Instead the disoriented Henry cackled at Eddie's face. "Oh? I'm

surprised your not hard." Henry slowly began tugging down Eddie's boxer briefs, and Eddie only sobbed.

"You don't like this Eddie?"

Richie's voice.

"You don't like me?"

Eddie shot up from Richie's embrace and gripped his head like he was in pain. It had touched him, taken the face and voice of his best friend and worst enemy and *touched* him. It's horrific face tried to seduce him and Eddie felt disgusting inside out. Eddie whipped away the dried tears and extra crusted blood that he couldn't get off. He rubbed his face furiously until it began to hurt.

"Eds?"

Eddie flinched at Richie's voice, the leper had traumatized one thing Eddie l(oved)iked about Richie.

"Hey trashmouth, sorry if I woke you up." Eddie's voice shook making Richie sit up.

"No, no, I wasn't really sleeping, you okay?"

"Bad dream is all, go back to sleep."

"Not a chance."

Eddie hummed in annoyance as Richie's arms wrapped around Eddie and pulled him down into the bed, Eddie didn't protest but he struggled to contain his choked sobs.

"Hm, what's this?"

Richie traced Eddie's arm and turned on the light with his other hand, gasping as he saw that his finger was coated in blood.

"Eddie..."

"I don't wanna talk just *please* help me sleep." Eddie's voice was

barely audible, but Richie just turned off the light and laid back down next to him, burying his face in Eddie's shoulder, kissing the wound softly.

"Richie wha--"

"I'm half asleep so complain about my actions later."

Eddie grumbled but closed his eyes and slept to the rhythm of Richie's snores.

Notes for the Chapter:

SO I dont know why they're so rapey towards eddie.
Maybe cause he cute af.

7. Chapter 7

Eddie sighed as he pushed up Richie's grey shirt with faded *Coca Cola* words past his shoulders. "Do you have any smaller shirts?" He asked Richie with an annoyed huff.

"Nah, that's the smallest one I got." Richie poked Eddie's stomach which earned him a swat to the face and a small 'yelp' from Eddie. "Your house isn't even *that* far away, is your mom really that scared of you getting a cold?" Eddie shrugged then nodded before tugging down the sleeves of the large shirt that stopped mid thigh. He didn't Richie to see that red streaks on his arms. "For a second I thought Mrs. K was callin' for me, begging me to come back and give her more." Richie winked before making some really disgusting moaning noises that made Eddie's face glow bright red.

"Beep beep Richie." Eddie slapped Richie's arm then did a satisfied hum when Richie shut up.

"Jeez, It's really pouring." Eddie leaned over Richie's desk to glare at the rain that splashed in puddles and sent dirt flying everywhere. Sure the shirt was long on Eddie, but it wasn't *that* long. So unfortunately for Richie, when Eddie leaned over he saw more of Eddie's pale thighs and the red boxer briefs Eddie was wearing. Richie hated the warm tingly feeling that swirled in his stomach. "Right Rich?" Eddie craned his neck to look at Richie and *fuck*, the feeling became more intense.

"Y-yeah..." Richie turned away and walked over to Eddie and stood beside him and looked at the rain. "Who'd be crazy enough to go out in this weather?" Richie chuckled nervously and Eddie gave him a confused glance.

"Are you okay?" Eddie asked as he leaned closer to Richie and put a hand on his forehead. "You're kinda red, do you have a fever?" Richie *really* didn't like this feeling.

"Maybe..." Richie lied as he took a step back from a slightly concerned Eddie. "I don't want you get sick." Eddie hesitated before taking another step.

"Let me take your temperature." Richie scoffed.

"Dude why?"

"To help you, what if this gets serious and-"

"It's literally a fever Eddie."

Eddie sighed and ran a hand through his disheveled hair, he didn't have time to brush it this morning. He looked at Richie with serious eyes before running downstairs. Richie bit his lip, *what if he left?* Richie thought as he stared into the hallway. *No*, he shook off the thought, he could still hear Eddie's voice downstairs. After minutes of Richie being alone, Eddie was back with a bowl.

"Soup." Eddie's smile was wide.

"Sou-why?" Richie furrowed his eyebrows at Eddie, and Eddie only shoved Richie down on the bed and lifted up a spoon to Richie's mouth.

"Open," Eddie said as he tried to pry Richie's mouth open with the spoon.

"Eds what the fuck?" Eddie huffed and murmured a "don't call me that" before trying to pry open Richie's mouth again.

"Richie don't be fucking difficult, just eat it." Eddie poked Richie's mouth with the spoon and Richie let out a groan. "Say *ahhh*."

Reluctantly, Richie opened his mouth with an *ahhh*. Eddie poured the soup and Richie mouth and Richie swirled the soup around before swallowing.

"You made this?"

Eddie nodded. "I just used some stuff from your kitchen." Richie dug his fingernails into his palms, there wasn't much stuff since his mom started drinking.

"Like what?"

Eddie shrugged, "veggies and shit." Richie slowly nodded and opened his mouth again so Eddie could pour the soup again.

Eventually the bowl was empty and thanks to Eddie, Richie was glad that he had an actual breakfast. The two boys were sitting on Richie's desk, reading comic books and talking about the grossest part or best part in their superhero vs villain.

"The hell?" Eddie looked up and leaned over Richie's comic book, trying to see what he was staring at.

"What?"

"Not the comic Eds, I just saw something yellow."

Eddie clutched the *missing* paper in his left hand as he watched Bill crouching down and sob over the scattered missing posters of Georgie. Beverly ran back to us from chasing Henry Bowers and Stan was hugging Bill's back and petting his hair, whispering useless encouraging words. Richie was looking away, wincing whenever Bill let out a wail.

Eddie only spoke to Georgie once or twice when he went to Bill's house for comic book, usually Bill trying to shoo Georgie off, but Eddie could still feel his heart break, something like this should never happen to anyone. Mike was the first to speak up.

"We'll help you find him, we'll do whatever we can." Mike said boldly though Eddie could see that even his eyes were tearing up. Bill barely looked up but he nodded before he clung onto Stanley for dear life, mumbling about how it should've been him.

Richie felt a tug on his hand and turned to look at Eddie, who was looking away but still trying to pull Richie's hand closer. Richie took Eddie's hand in his, fingers entwined, Eddie let out a sigh of relief and a small smile.

Notes for the Chapter:

YIKES what a short chapter! Sorry for Georgie, but what can you do.

(fuck you pennywise)

8. AUTHORS NOTE

Thank you guys so much for everything!

I unfortunately will not be able to post for the next few days but I WILL try to fit in a few words in the new chapter.

The next chapter will mostly be about Eddie suffering through unbearable nightmares and he will be in a state where he cannot wake up, the losers will come to the rescue but they hope that they're not too late.

I'm so happy that I have supportive comments from you guys and

GET READY

9. Chapter 9

Notes for the Chapter:

Lucky you guys, I had extra time.

Eddie gagged at the wretched smell when he opened the door to his house. Everything was so dusty and dirty and disgusting, but he had no time to think about that. He began running down into his basement as fast as he could, never stopping to take a break. He hastily fumbled with an empty shelf that was about to break and pushed it to the side so he could crawl in the hole in the wall that he discovered six years ago. He swatted off the maggots that wriggled themselves on his fingers and yanked with all his might on the shelf. Eddie pulled the shelf over the hole, leaving him in complete darkness.

He tried to control his breathing, but after a few useless attempts he gave up and just ducked his head in his knees and began whispering a mantra. "Don't find me, don't find me, don't find me, don't find me please." Eddie shivered as he felt a hot breath tickling the back of his neck. He prayed that it was just his imagination, but then a sudden realization hit him, he was in his imagination. Eddie grabbed a small lantern that wasn't there before, spun, and lifted it behind him.

He screamed when he saw the lepers twisted face flashing him a toothy grin. Eddie dropped the lantern(that in real life probably would've started a fire) and threw his whole body at the shelf, causing it to crash. He scrambled out and began running out of his diseased house. He wailed in fear as he saw the leper stumbling after him with his bent legs.

"S-stop!" Eddie wheezed out, his asthma never kicked in in his dreams, "please." Eddie looked over his shoulder and watched in horror as a disfigured face was replaced with Richie's. Teeth fell out with every cackle it sent Eddie's way.

Eddie's legs began to ache and slow down, he screamed at himself to move faster but his body only continued getting slower and slower and-

"Eds~" Eddie gasped as he felt cold fingers grasp at his shoulders, "you don't wanna play?" Eddie squeezed his eyes shut and began clawing

furiously, he'd waken himself up with pain before he can do it again. He cried out in pain as blood ran down his arms and legs.

"No, no, no, no, NO!" Eddie screamed and trashed around to try to free himself from leper Richie. Eddie knew his attempts were useless, he knew that no matter what he did the monster always wins, but he couldn't cope with it taking Richie's form, turning him into a monster, and touching him. Dreams have never gotten this bad, so bad that he's literary scratching himself raw in his own dream, but it's not like Eddie could argue, he could only pray that his alarm will wake him up.

~

"You sure this is legal?" Stanley asked as he and the losers watched Richie break into Eddie's living room window. Richie shrugged from above and kept climbing in.

"S-something must've happened. Eh-eh-eddie wouldn't miss two days without r-reason." Bill muttered under his breath as he started making his way up the window as soon as Richie sneaked in through the window.

"Follow me," Richie motioned them to follow quietly they sneaked through the house and made their way to the basement. Richie turned on the light and slowly made his way to a small whimpering body. Stan gagged and turned away as he saw a bloody, sweaty, pale Eddie lying on his basement floor, fingers still trying to pry himself open deeper causing more blood to spill.

Eddie's face sunk in slightly considering the fact that he lost and gained weight easily. His arms were covered in crusted and fresh blood, as well as his legs. His eyelids were twitching and he mumbled groans of pain under his breath. Richie immediately bent down and began shaking Eddie violently, trying to wake him up. But Eddie's leg only shot out and kicked Richie away. They all jumped back when Eddie's back arched up and he let out a horrible wail of pain.

"Jesus Christ," Ben mumbled as he it triggered his meeting with Henry. "Will he be okay?" They turned to Bill and Bill looked at Eddie for a brief second before answering.

"Y-yeah, let's get some supplies to clean him up." Bill squatted down and pulled Eddie's hand from his arm and nodded with his head to tell his friends to run to Eddie's bathroom. Richie gripped Eddie's hand tightly as he watched Eddie writhe around in such pain. Richie made a mental note to ask Eddie why when they're alone. The other losers came back with supplies and did a lousy job at bandaging Eddie's arm and disinfecting but now Eddie's fingernails now are grazing over rough patches of his bandages.

"His..arms..." Beverly stared at Eddie's loosely wrapped bandages and shivered away. Richie bent down and began smacking at Eddie's face, trying to signal him through his dream.

"Eddie? Eds? Buddy, come *on*" Richie huffed in frustration as he smacked harder.

The losers stood quiet, they just watched as Richie smacked Eddie's cheeks until they turned red. Richie leaned back and let out a shaky breath, followed by a tear that fell with the tiniest *plop* on Eddie's face.

~

Eddie ignored the sting of dirt entering his scraped fingertips as he clawed at the ground. The leper let out a disoriented grunt before yanking Eddie back. Eddie groaned as he felt the skin on his knees break. Eddie did little effort to stop the leper from pulling his shorts down past his ankles, he shivered as he felt the cool breeze brush at his skin.

Eddie peeked through his hands and gasped when he saw the leper's mouth stretched unnaturally over his thigh, he thrashed, kicked, and wiggled, but it didn't stop the horrendous pain that spread through his body when the leper bit down. Eddie was given little time to recover before the lepers teeth were sinking into the sides of his head. Eddie screamed as he felt teeth breaking into hard bone, he screamed as he felt his skull crushing. Eddie wailed as he heard the sounds of his skull cracking.

Crack,

Crunch,

Crack,

Splat.

~

Eddie sat up with a loud shriek as he grabbed the sides of his face, squeezed his eyes shut, and screamed. Richie scurried back with his heels and elbows until he was hiding behind a traumatized Mike. Bill was the first to sit down and try to calm down a very frightened Eddie.

"Eh-eddie, calm down yu-your safe." Eddie's eyes shot open as he looked at Bill with wide eyes, gasping for air. He didn't stop gasping until he felt himself choking on his medicine, he peeked around the inhaler and he let out a sigh of relief when it was Richie's actual face. Richie pulled the inhaler away from Eddie's mouth to hug him, and Eddie's arms immediately shot out and wrapped around Richie.

Soon after Eddie released Richie and stared in awe at his wrapped legs and arms. It wasn't the best of wrapping, but it stopped the bleeding at least. The room was thick with tension, and no one was brave enough to break the veil that hung between them and Eddie.

Eddie had washed up, properly wrapped himself, and was mid eating a sandwich before Stan's voice cut through.

"How long has this been...happening?" Eddie stared at Stanley, he suddenly forgot how to form a correct sentence and all those years of schooling to waste. He just looked at his lap as he swallowed harshly and sipped his warm milk.

"Eddie pha-please answer." Bill put his hand on Eddie's shoulder but Eddie only shrugged it off.

"Eds-"

"Seven years ago."

The losers blinked, blinked again before replying in usion "*what?*"

"It happened when I was ten--the nightmares, the clawing, the brief coma's." They stared in shock. "It all happened when I was," Eddie let out a choked sob, "ten."

"Eddie if we only--"

Eddie let out a dry laugh "what could you possibly do Ben? You didn't even know me!" The losers couldn't distinguish whether Eddie was laughing or crying. "What could you have done?"

"No, you're right." They looked at Richie. "There's absolutely nothing that we could've done differently on our part. But you," Richie sighed "you could've fucking told us." Richie held up a hand before they could speak, "if you told us things would've gone differently. Way fucking different. But you didn't, you bottled it up and you exploded." Eddie lowered his head in utter shame and Richie ran a hand through his hair. "C-come here Eds." Richie murmured as he pulled Eddie in a hug. Eddie hesitated before squeezing Richie tightly.

~

Eddie didn't know why he seemed to be sleeping at Richie's house way more than his own, like now he knew every corner of Richie's incredibly messy bedroom. Not that he generally complained, he didn't mind fixing up Richie's room. It took his mind off things. But now Eddie was stuck staring at the ceiling, his eyelids occasionally falling close but popping open again. He was terrified of falling asleep.

"Eddie Spaghetti, Christ, let me *sleep*." Eddie felt a pang of guilt, he didn't mean to keep Richie up.

"S-sorry, I just..." Eddie couldn't find the right words, after all Richie has done for him, he couldn't possibly ask him for *this*. "I'm having trouble sleeping." He shrugged lightly.

"No, sorry, I should be more considerate." Richie turned and faced Eddie. "What is it Eds?"

"Well I," Eddie shrugged off the fact that he forgot to tell Richie not to call him that. "It's just, I'm not looking forward to sleeping I guess."

Eddie let out a nervous laugh.

"My mom taught me a trick before she became a drunken crackhead." Richie poked Eddie's nose and though it was dark he could see Eddie's face glow red.

"What is it?"

"Talking."

Eddie blinked at Richie, "what?"

"Talk about something." Eddie flushed, obviously not knowing what to talk about.

"Fine, I'll start..."

Eddie fell asleep mid laugh about the way Stanley frowns with such disdain when Richie speaks.

10. Chapter 10

Notes for the Chapter:

School sucks am I right?

Eddie wiped the sweat from his forehead for the millionth time today, he glared at the kids wearing shorts and short sleeved shirts. The kids didn't ask him why he was wearing a black long sleeved shirt, white knee socks and Khaki shorts, but they stared in confusion making Eddie shift around uncomfortably. Eddie did a good job of keeping his head down and being ignored by teachers, but he never really went unnoticed with kids. He often was picked on and had his fanny pack thrown to the floor before he could stop them. He was thankful enough he hadn't seen Henry or the Bower's gang after the bike incident, but Eddie was surprised when a boy bent down and started picking up the scattered materials from Eddie's fanny pack. He had accidentally tripped and fell in the empty hallway, and sighed grumpily when he began picking them up.

"Ah, are you okay?" Eddie blinked then blushed. His skin was fairly and nicely tanned, his eyes were wide and almond brown with black exotic curly hair. "...Hello?" The boy asked, an Eddie realised that he was staring.

"Uh, I, yes?" Eddie inwardly cringed cause *god*, he just embarrassed himself to someone so good looking. The boy laughed at Eddie's awkwardness before putting the things back neatly in Eddie's fanny pack and standing up, Eddie was too distracted to notice that he had shoved his inhaler in his pocket.

"I'm Deville Orstine." Eddie's eyes widened slightly, this was the kid who won spelling bees three years in a row. Eddie shuffled around a bit before reaching out.

"Eddie Kaspbrak" the boy took Eddie's hand and shook it then looked at Eddie in confusion.

"It's the end of the day, why are you not home?"

"Had to help a teacher clean up."

Deville nodded slowly before furrowing his eyebrows again. "Why are you wearing...that?" Eddie took a step back, "not to mean it an an offensive way but, it's like 87 degrees outside." Eddie bit his lip, he couldn't exactly say: *"I have terrible nightmares and I scratch myself raw so I have to wear this so people don't think I'm being abused!"* so he just shrugged and replied with a simple "it's not *that* hot." The boy laughed before slinging an arm around Eddie's shoulder. "Sure it is Eds!" Eddie immediately shrugged away. Hearing the nickname 'Eds' come out of someone's mouth other than Richie's felt wrong. Deville looked at Eddie, confused.

"S-sorry, I just really don't like being...called that." His voice faltered in the middle of his sentence as he looked off to the side. He hated how quiet the hallway was.

"Nah It's cool." Deville shrugged it off before slinging his arm around Eddie, oblivious to how uncomfortable Eddie really was.

"I should get going, my friends are-" he stopped mid-sentence, Stan had piano practice(though Eddie knew it was an excuse to hang out with Bill alone), Beverly and Ben were busy being romantically gross, Mike had to help around with his animals, and well Richie, Eddie doesn't know what Richie needs to do. Deville raises an eyebrow, waiting for Eddie to finish.

"Nevermind, they can wait."

~

Eddie *hated* how much Deville reminded him of Richie. From the curly hair to the blinding personality. Eddie would never consider Deville as Richie's replacement, but it was nice that they liked the same things. And hey, he even knew what greywater was! Eddie found himself twiddling his fingers a lot behind his back like when Bill complimented him or when Richie ruffled his usually neat hair, Eddie could feel butterflies growing when Deville got close.

They were relaxing, or as Deville called it 'chilling', under the harsh sun and finishing the cone of their ice-creams.

"I never 'ot a chance to ask you why you were hanging 'round wafter school hours." Eddie said through a mouthful of cone. Deville shrugged with a dry laugh and leaned back.

"Baseball practice." Eddie tilted his head in confusion.

"But the baseball club didn't even start..." Eddie murmured, already shifting away.

"Alright, alright, no need to shy away. You caught me, I maybe just wanted to talk to you." Deville leans forward with a devilish smirk fitting his name.

"Oh, um..."

"Eddie." Deville's hands were now on either side of Eddie, and Eddie could feel the butterflies growing larger and larger until...

Deville was pressing his lips on Eddie. Eddie barely responded out of shock, and did his best to lean back but his head hit the wall with a thump.

Eddie flinched away when Deville's hands gripped Eddie's wounded arms to keep him in place. That's when Eddie really started to panic. He started twisting his head, writhing around, and trying to dig his fingernails in Deville's wrist. Deville leaned back, lips still hovering over Eddie's, he let out a low growl.

"Stay. Still." Deville leaned back in and harshly pressed his lips against Eddie's, sending chills down his spine.

Eddie didn't stop biting down on Deville's bottom lip when he tasted blood, he bit until he heard the tiny rip of flesh. Deville leaned back, face full of disgust.

"And I thought you'd be easy." Eddie breathed heavily and rummaged through his fanny pack, eyes widening when he didn't find it.

"Wha-what do you mean?..."

"Hm, you'd be easy enough to experiment on. I thought you'd be down but obviously not." Deville scowled making Eddie shrink back.

He took out Eddie's inhaler from his pocket and smirked, "you want this?" Eddie reached out for it as Deville threw it far behind him. "Go get it." And with that, Deville was gone.

After making sure he was gone, Eddie began running for his inhaler, he had no idea how long he was running for, but he let out a sigh of relief when he spotted it in the dirt. Eddie bent down and picked it up, the edges were smudged with dirt but it wasn't anything too bad. It could've landed in greywater. Eddie walked out of the woods and began making his way home, wiping his eyes now and then. Out of rage of course.

11. Chapter 11

Eddie bent down to rub his throbbing and cut up legs. Every once in awhile Richie turned to ask him if he was okay because Eddie let out small groans of pain every time a branch reopened a gash on his legs or sometimes arm. Eddie tugged on Richie's shirt to stop Richie from sending out a nasty remark towards Bill. Richie scoffed as Bill pointed to a spot deeper in the woods.

"Do we have to do this now? Eddie's not wearing his knee socks." Eddie grumbled at Richie's concern and when his glare when unnoticed.

"It's fine, I'm fine..." Eddie clenched his hands to stop himself from rubbing away blood. He picked up his pace and leaned over Stan's shoulder to check out the map of Derry. "How far are we?" Stan shrugged.

"Can't say, we gotta get outta the woods first." Stan shifted the map away from the sun ray shining down. Eddie nodded before slowing down and sticking to Richie's side. "Where are we heading now Bill?" Bill turned and looked at Stan hesitantly, Stan gave Bill a soft smile before Bill answered.

"By the convenience store." The loser's stared shock before a smile began blooming on Beverly's face.

"You finished a sentence without stuttering." Beverly went over and hugged Bill before Stan cleared his throat.

"Yeah I helped him practice yesterday."

"Speaking of yesterday," Eddie interrupted with a new topic. "Where were you Richie?" Richie stiffened, he was obviously hiding something, but Eddie let Richie speak.

"Eds, I... I didn't wanna tell you but me and your mom just couldn't stop and--"

"Oh fuck off Rich," Eddie shoved him playfully as they began trailing

behind the rest of the losers. "But seriously where *were* you?" Eddie dug his nails into his palms as confusing memories with Deville flashed through his mind.

"Nowhere. Why? Did something happen?" Richie held on to Eddie's wrist to stop him from walking. Eddie furrowed his eyebrows, he knew this tactic. His mother had used it on him before when he asked her about his "illness".

"No nothing happened, I just want you to tell me."

"Aww, Eds you're so cute. You missed me that much huh?" Eddie flushed either with embarrassment or anger. Richie was trying to change the topic again.

"No, can you just tell me where the fuck you went?"

"I got a handjob." Richie blurted out with a shrug.

Eddie's eyes widened, that was certainly different from what Eddie was expecting. Eddie's mouth went dry, but curiosity overtook him.

"From who?"

"Ashley Hinburg, I don't think you know her." Eddie flinched. "You do?" Eddie nodded.

Boy did he know Ashley. He remembers her dragging him off and taking off her top sophomore year. He was sixteen and still very confused about sex and how it worked between a girl and a boy, but Christ how he never been so scared in his life. Her breast weren't as big as they are now, but they were still quite large and frankly frightening to Eddie. She raised an eyebrow and pointed to her nipple and when Eddie got the hint he turned and ran. She attempted the trick a few more times with him, except she flashed different body parts that she thought Eddie might approve of. But after five times when the result was the same she left him alone.

"Y-yeah. Um, congratulations?" Eddie shrugged and ignored how annoyed he was with Richie. He seriously *ditched* him so he could get a--

Eddie scoffed, *the fuck did I expect?* Eddie thought bitterly as he began speeding up, he stopped beside Mike who's hand immediately was on his shoulder.

"You okay? You seem a bit...frustrated?" Eddie sighed and patted Mike's hand.

"Yeah, thanks Mike." The losers walked in silence after that. Eddie completely ignored Richie and cut him off mid-sentence to talk to Stanley or Bill.

"Whe-we've reached it!" Bill cheered excitedly as he ran out of a shortcut into the open side walk. Eddie smiled at the familiar setting. It was where he first met the losers.

"Hey, Eddie look." Bev nudged Eddie's shoulder making him turn and look at the lanky PC that had shoved a lollipop in his mouth. He was smiling at a boy who looked about the age of seven although his eyes resembled something of exasperation. He was currently holding various candies and a Hershey's bar to the kids face and the kid seemed to be picking out the one he liked best before shrugging and jogging off sweetly with a bag of skittles in his hand. The man shoved his hands in his pockets before turning and leaving.

"So when did you last see-" Eddie took a puff from his inhaler, "-Georgie?"

Bill sighed before letting his eyes drift around, "I told him he could pa-play with the little boat I made him when it was rha-raining."

Eddie and Richie both flinched, while they were enjoying their time reading stupid comic books and subconsciously flirting, Georgie was stolen away. Just. Like. *That*.

"While I was asking around a woman, I believe her name was Cecilia, said she saw something." Ben said. "That could be a start!"

"Hhm," Bill hummed in acknowledgment as he let Ben take the lead to Cecilia's house.

"So should we just knock?" Richie asked with his fist hovering over

the door.

"What else idiot?" Stan mumbled.

"Okay okay! I'm knocking." Richie murmured as he began knocking on the sleek white door.

It didn't take long before it swung open. And there stood Ashley fucking Hinburg. Eddie and Richie both tensed.

"Richie! I was just about to call, you forgot your--"

"Ashley let the young boys in. You'll have plenty of time to see them at school." The woman--or Cecilia-- pushed Ashley to the side and showed the losers in. Eddie kept his distance from Ashley for obvious reasons, but that doesn't mean that he missed the disgusted look she sent towards him. "Please, sit." Cecilia directed them to a large couch that all the losers squeezed in on, before Eddie could sit, Ashley took his place. Eddie shrugged it off and sat on the armrest next to Stan.

"I presume you're here to ask me about George?"

"Georgie." Bill corrected with a smile.

"Ah yes...Georgie. It's a shame what happened." The losers sat silent. "I'll let you get settled before I start talking about such a tragedy. I'll get tea."

Eddie reached into his fanny pack quietly and bandaged himself as the rest of the losers talked in whispers about Georgie or what they thought of Cecilia.

"Your mom looks pretty young." Ben smiled towards Ashley and acknowledged how similar they looked. They both had wavy brown hair and their eyes were a sea green. Her body was slender with breast sticking out of their chest. Her body resembled those Barbie dolls Eddie had seen on T.V.

"She's my aunt, my mom hates her but we're having a family reunion." Ashley replied boredly as she filed her nails. Cecilia soon came back with a tray and cups of tea for each of them.

Eddie moved his face away from the steam that rose from the hot slightly flavored water. He blew the steam and sipped the water, he tried not to let his face scrunch up in disdain, and when his attempts were useless Cecilia chuckled.

"Not a fan of tea I see?" Eddie shook his head politely. "Hm, let's get to business." Cecilia's smile faltered as she set down her cup on the light blue tray that laid on the coffee table.

"I was taking out the trash you see, since *Ashley*," Cecilia looked at Ashley pointedly. "Didn't want to do it. I saw a little boy wearing a yellow raincoat running after something yelling "no". Something must've caught in the stream. I watched him run for awhile before he turned disappeared in an alleyway. I wasn't able to follow however, I'm so sorry." Cecilia gave Bill a sad smile.

"Nuh-no it's okay. It's tha-the closest we got all weh-week." Bill returned the smile before turning to look at the losers. "We'll cun-continue luh-looking right?" They nodded, all except for Eddie.

"No, I think i'll head home. Sorry Bill."

"Oh. Are you o-okay?"

"Yeah, I just gotta run to the Pharmacy."

"For yuh-your inhaler?"

"You use an *inhaler*?" Ashley's voice cut through Eddie and Bill's conversation. Eddie slightly thanked whatever being that guarded the heavens for reminding him why he was leaving.

"So soon Eddie Spaghetti?"

"Beep beep Trashmouth." Richie's eyes widened.

"I'm going home, thank you for having me." Eddie smiled at Cecilia before gripping the door handle tightly.

"Ain'tcha gonna say bye?" Richie scoffed expectantly.

Eddie hesitated. "Er, bye Rich. See you tomorrow. Bye guys!" Beverly

was the only one who waved Eddie out the door.

Richie glanced at Ashley and pondered why she was so tense. Ever since Eddie took on step in the house, or even *spoke* she tensed up or gave Eddie a look of disdain. Eddie already has a ton of weight on his shoulders, he doesn't need some fling to ruin Eddie's life even more.

They were sitting in Ashley's bedroom occasionally craning their heads to make out before continuing their conversation.

"So I see you're friends with him?" Richie turned and played oblivious.

"I have a lot of guy friends Ashley." She rolled her eyes.

"You know which one I'm talking about."

"What about Eds?" Ashley sighed.

"I didn't know you supported it."

"Supported what?"

Ashley turned and faced Richie, her eyes stern and serious.

"You didn't hear what Deville said?"

"*Who?*"

Ashley rolled her eyes again "anyways, he said that Eddie attacked him."

Richie furrowed his brows, "are we talking about the same Eddie?"

"Yes Rich, Deville said that Eddie attacked him." Richie stared at Ashley. Surely she was making this up.

"Oh, um, I'll ask him tomorrow okay?" Ashley nodded before leaning her face on Richie's chest. Richie squirmed and

adjusted himself before leaning down and kissing Ashley.

Eddie groaned and ran a hand through his hair before collapsing back on Stan's legs. Stan winced at the pressure before flipping through *A Wrinkle In Time*, a book on Eddie's bookshelf.

"You didn't even need to go to the pharmacy." Stan remarked smugly as he stared down at Eddie's frustrated face.

"I know I know! I just didn't wanna..."

"Be near her?" Stan finished casually. "Why? Not that I'm jumping to her defense, but why?"

Eddie groaned again before throwing his shirt over his head. "She tried to get me to have sex with her in sophomore year."

Stan broke out into a large grin. "Wow."

"Yeah..." Eddie rolled on his stomach and kicked off his shoes.

Stan stared dumbfounded at the red gashes that trailed along Eddie's sides, faint red cuts were on Eddie's neck too.

"Do you have a nail filer?" Stan turned to Eddie and Eddie rolled on his back and stared up at him.

"Yes? It's in my drawer." Stan nodded slowly before he opened Eddie's nightstand, shoved some stuff around and took out the filer.

Eddie just watched as Stan began shortening his nails.

Notes for the Chapter:

I made a reference that hopefully YearwalktheWorld can catch,

and I KNOW some stuff isn't created yet in 1964 but

just cope with me.

ALSO, read Urban Legend LoVer by
YearwalktheWorld if you have not read it! It is
amazing and it will keep you on edge. Trust me.

12. Chapter 12

Eddie rubbed his sore eyes as he put the pill to his mouth with shaky fingers. He swallowed the pill with a dry throat and he sputtered and coughed until his eyes got watery and his throat stung. He sighed as the kids faces where in the back of his mind. Looks of disgust and hatred. He remembers Kelly Cornerback jumping away from him and calling him a *rapist* and a *faggot*, her friends began to join in and chant.

Eddie flinched when the tips of his fingers came in contact with the wooden table, Stan had cut his nails too short. He glared at his red ends of his fingertips before he felt hot streaks on his cheeks. Why was he even crying? The rumors weren't true, he would never assault anyone, he wasn't even interested in Deville like that! It was nice to have someone who would rebound for Richie when Richie was doing God knows fucking what with girls, but Eddie would never do something so vulgar.

"Eddie bear?" Sonya called out from around the corner. "I'm going to the doctors, my feet are tingling again," Eddie, with his head down did a quick nod and flinched when he heard the door shutting behind his overweight mother. He should've stopped her, told her that he wasn't okay, he should've told her to stay and hug him and kiss away his wounds. Eddie stood up and trudged to the bathroom, completely ignoring the fact that the door was unlocked and some killer could come in and steal him away like Georgie.

Eddie tore off his shirt, pants, knee socks, and bandages until he was naked in his bathroom, looking at his body in disdain. Gashes new and old marked his body in long red streaks, parts of flesh on his mouth were ripped from Sonya's hand forcing down pills, and finally, his eyes were puffy and red. He looked far from appealing. He sat down in the bathtub, fully aware of the thousands of risks of just being in one and turned on the faucet. He shivered and clenched his teeth as icy cold water filled the porcelain tub. He watched as the cool transparent water began to turn a light shade of red when the water rested against his arms. Eddie settled in the cool water and let

the fatigue take over.

~

"Shit, shit, *shit*," Stan cursed violently as he pounded his fist against his sides. Bill grabbed his clenched fist and looked at the losers with concerned eyes. "Fucking bastard, spreading rumors like that." Stan only really cursed when necessary.

"W-we'll find the bas-bastard who spread this," Bill swore as he let Stan's hands fall against his sides.

"It's that Deville kid, I've seen him wandering the halls after school" Beverly said with a scowl, "he's such a fucking prick. Asked me if I'd do him one for free."

"If he's around after school maybe we can catch him?" Ben offered, glancing around to see if anyone approved.

"Y-yeah," Stan breathed out shakily, "let's fucking get'em."

The losers all did a curt nod before turning and walking through the metal doors of Derry.

"Is it just me or does the hallway look--"

--"Creepier?" Bev finished Ben's sentence and Ben nodded.

"Sh! I seh-see him." The losers crowded at a corner and watched as Deville leaned against a locker next to Eddie's with a bunch of guys who were holding spray paint.

"Those fuckers." Richie sneered from behind his glasses that were slipping off his nose. The losers club froze when Deville glanced at them and gave a smirk before turning back to Eddie's locker. He began shaking the spray paint furiously.

"Hm, what should we write?"

"I got an idea," Higgins smiled sinisterly as he shook his own spray can and began writing F in red. Then A, then G, another G, then an O, then--Richie finally got the idea.

"Good one" Jaylen smacked him on the shoulder appreciatively before turning back to draw a penis in red sharpie. Richie turned away, he couldn't bear to watch this scene unfold.

"Catch you guys later!" Deville waved off his douchebag friends before turning to see if they were really gone. "You can come out now." Stan had no hesitation as he walked out fuming. He jabbed Deville in the chest making him stumble backward.

"How *fucking dare* you," Stan's face was red with anger.

Deville smiled innocently, "what are you talking about? I was the one attacked--"

"We know you're lying!" Richie came out too with Bev.

"What proof do you have?" Deville countered with a shrug.

The loser's were quiet, they didn't actually have any proof.

"Well we know Eddie." They turned to Richie. "We know that Eds wouldn't try to assault someone, especially someone as *unattractive*, as you." Richie huffed, words laced with venom.

Deville snickered, "I guess the temptation got to him."

"Who would ever be tempted by you?"

"Look, Billy completed a sentence, what do you want a cookie?"

Stan jabbed another finger at Deville, "clear this up, now." Deville shoved Stan making him slide against the tiled hallway floor. Deville stood above Stan and Stan did a small whimper before standing up with a fierce expression again.

"What're you gonna do?"

Beverly walked up to Deville with dark eyes. She shoved him back into the lockers. "Don't touch my friends you got that asshole?" Without waiting for a reply, Beverly threw him down before walking off with the gang.

"We need to find Eh-Eddie," Bill stated once far from Deville.

"He left school early" Richie kicked a stone and ran a hand through his hair. He couldn't even imagine what Eddie must be feeling. The kids stumbled on their bikes and made their way towards Eddie's house.

Bill almost had a heart attack when Eddie's front door was unlocked. The losers piled inside and frantically began searching for boy who barely weighed 130 pounds. He was fairly small for a 17 year old.

"Wait shh, I hear a faucet." As soon as Mike finished his sentence Richie dove for the stairs and bolted for the bathroom, he stopped when his shoes sloshed around water that came from the bottom of the door. Mike threw his weight against the door causing it to smash open. Eddie was almost submerged in the bathtub with only his face sticking out from the reddish water. He was looked sickly pale and his eyes were fluttering, but yet he was in deep sleep. Stan lifted Eddie up from the water and pulled him away, from the tub onto the toilet seat. None of them flinched when they realised Eddie was naked. Beverly turned off the water and gripped her hair.

"Get some towels!" Stan ordered Richie who dived behind him and grabbed three or four beige towels. Bill hastily wrapped it around a freezing Eddie and sighed in relief when Eddie's breathing was borderlining average.

After six minutes of silence Eddie's eyes fluttered open and Richie had to stop himself from giving Eddie a bone crushing hug.

~

Eddie had explained to them what happened for the most part. He kept things vague but the losers were too shocked to ask questions. Eddie sipped at the tea Stan had prepared. His face contorted into disgust, he hated tea.

"Thanks guys," Eddie smiled up at them shyly.

"Yeah no problem, tomorrow we'll clear this up" Richie slung his arm around Eddie. Eddie smiled to himself and leaned slightly into

Richie's touch.

"Thanks for being there Rich," Eddie mumbled more to himself. He could feel Richie smile against his hair when the losers gathered to leave.

~

Richie kept his body close to Eddie's as he slept. They were laying in Eddie's bed huddling close together for warmth. The small blanket that barely covered the two of them wasn't providing much shelter at all. Eddie glared up at his basement, though it was fairly neat it was still embarrassing that he had to sleep in the basement out of all places in his house. Eddie craned his neck to look back at a sleeping Richie before letting his head fall back on the pillow.

"Hey Rich?"

"Hm?" Richie's voice was scratchy.

"Thank you a lot."

"Yeah no problem stupid, that's what friends are for."

Eddie felt a pang of disappointment, but then smiled. Of course they were just friends.

"Yeah, friends."

Notes for the Chapter:

When you're friendzoned by your crush lowkey lol.

13. Chapter 13

Notes for the Chapter:

Short shitty chapter but I promise myself the next one will be longer,

Spoiler! Eddie see's it.

Richie flinched when he passed by Eddie's locker, it was littered with cruel words acknowledging how "girly" and "queer" he was. Helen Burrow stopped and loosened their tightly entwined fingers as she pointed at a QUEER FAG written in rainbow colours, she smiled proudly.

"That's mine Rich, I wrote that" she flipped her hair, "I even drew a little rainbow if you squint."

Richie nodded hesitantly before turning away from the grotesque scene, he tried pulling Helen by the wrist but she stood unmoving. "Did you write anything yet?" Richie blanched, his grip tightened.

"C-course I did," an obvious lie, but Helen nodded and kept her gaze on the locker.

"I never knew people could be rapist and queer," Helen tsked, "karma's a bitch."

"Helen let's go" Richie tugged again, and this time she followed.

~

"You know I'd never judge Eddie right?"

Beverly turned to Richie, the cigarette trapped in between her teeth. "Yeah? So what?" Richie shifted uncomfortably, he averted his eyes from Bev.

"It's just that...I feel like Eddie isn't telling us something. I certainly

don't believe Deville, but what if Eds *did* attack him?" Beverly looked at Richie, shocked. She looked at the ground below them, silently waiting for Richie to continue. "What if Eddie--what if Eddie did touch Deville like that?" Beverly whipped her head around, staring at Richie with wide eyes.

"Richie, we both know those are just rumors. Eddie would never." Richie tried to dismiss her but she grabbed his wrist. "I know what sexual harassment is and what it means to me, Eddie could and would never." Richie kept his eyes downcast, he didn't mean to trigger any memories of her and her father.

"You're right, but there's also something I wanna talk to you about." Beverly let Richie's wrist go and Richie continued, "the whole...gay thing, isn't it kinda...well, weird?" Beverly scooted away and tilted her head.

"How so?"

"I mean, technically only a guy and a girl can have sex right?"

Beverly squirmed under Richie's gaze, "I guess so."

"So what's the point? You're not gonna have children, and only girls and guys can do it." Beverly sighed and flicked the cigarette out of her mouth with her tongue.

"I...don't know, I'm not educated in this shit, ask Stan, he's good at biology or whatever." Beverly stood up, Richie flinched at her uncomfortable aura.

"You sure you're finished?"

Beverly nodded before leaving and giving Richie a brief wave.

~

"What do you want Richie? I intend on spending my break on studying." Stan crossed his arms and narrowed his eyes.

"Only guys and girls can have sex right?"

"Richie wha--"

"So what's the point on being gay?"

Stan licked his lips, processing Richie's rushed sentence. Stan ran a hand through his hair before responding, "why do you wanna know this?" He looked at Richie skeptically.

"Just answer the question Stanley!" Stan's eyes widened briefly before looking away.

"Well, it's different, it's pleasure and I guess...love?" Stan squeaked out, face slowly reddening. Richie nodded and urged him to continue. Stan sighed, "it's not like they can't have sex, it's just different than what you would normally expect." His face continued to darken as he remembered fooling around with Bill when his parents were out on their anniversary. "If you love each other," Stan shrugged, "it shouldn't really matter. You can still make out and stuff, and do things normal couples do--"

"But isn't it weird?" Richie asked, interrupting Stan. Stan's face began to grow pale as he averted his eyes.

"Richie, I can't talk about this, not now." Stan turned and slung his backpack over his shoulder, Richie caught his shoulder.

"Stan, I didn't...offend you or anything right?" Stan shrugged off Richie's hand and speed walked out of the library.

~

Richie's hand shook as he slowly uncapped the black sharpie, he pressed it against Eddie's locker and his stomach churned.

"Come on, do it. Prove you're not a fag like him," Henry pressured as he shoved Richie's shoulder, Richie gripped the utensil tighter. "Fucking do it!" Henry shoved him again, growing impatient. "You know exactly what to write." Richie glared at Henry and Henry put his hands up defensively. "You're idea not mine, we just happened to be here."

"Fuck you," Richie gritted through his teeth, Henry only laughed

before turning serious again.

"Come on, write it, *do it*."

"Okay! Okay..." Richie began with the F, he scribbled it boldly.

A

G

G

O

T

Richie let the sharpie clatter to the ground, the exhilarating feeling that coursed through his veins exited his body as soon as he saw how drastic it was. How could you miss it? It was impossible too. That wasn't even the worst part, it was the fact that he'd done it *willingly*. He had let the obsession of fitting in and he had done something permanent.

"No, no, no no..." Richie grasped at his stomach, suddenly feeling sick. Anxiety began to build as he backed up away from the locker. All he could see was black sharpie. What had he done? To himself, to the losers, to *Eddie*? Eddie, who's in a time of serious need he doubted and completely backstabbed him. He couldn't tell the others, no, not yet, he wasn't ready.

Henry Bower's leaned down close, breath tickling Richie's ringing ears.

"Good luck trying to hide this from you friends." Richie was too absorbed in his own fantasy filled with sorries to see the phone of Henry's Bowers.

14. Chapter 14

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry that it took me so much time to post this, I've been diagnosed with Writers Block (WB) and my mind is exploding. But this fic WILL BE FINISHED.

٩(●□●。)٨

Stan

Stan ran a hand through his hair in frustration as he struggled to remain focused on the textbook. His teacher had warned him many times about there being little mercy on the AP Biology quiz, but the question that Richie had asked yesterday threw off Stan's train of thought. Stan gripped the sides of his book tightly as he tried to shake the thought of Richie going full-on-homophobe on them. Stan couldn't be friends with someone like that; he and Bill had been planning to come out to the group anyway. If Richie reacts that way to rumors, what would he say to their relationship?

Stan let out a yelp of surprise when the screen of his phone lit up. He ignored it at first, it was probably one of Richie's memes he'd occasionally tried to send to be funny. The third time his phone vibrated and lit up he started to get irritated, he grabbed his phone and flipped it open; he squinted in annoyance at the bright screen as it listed the many names of people he didn't even know.

Amy Holder, Yale Jenson, Ashley Hinburg, Justin Hinburg, Carter Olsen, *Henry Bowers*, and so many more. And they were all sending one single video. The screen was dark, dark enough that Stan had to lean in and squint even harder to see the back of Richie's head. It was hard to see the difference between black curls and darkness. Hesitantly, Stan played the video on low volume.

"Come on, do it. Prove you're not a fag like him," Henry pressured as he shoved Richie's shoulder, Richie gripped the utensil tighter. "Fucking do it!" Henry shoved him again, growing impatient. "You know exactly what to write." Richie glared at Henry and Henry put his hands up defensively. "Your idea not mine, we just happened to be here."

"Fuck you," Richie gritted through his teeth, Henry only laughed before turning serious again.

"Come on, write it, do it."

"Okay! Okay..."

Stan watched in pure horror as the infamous homophobic slur was tattooed on Eddie Kaspbrak's locker by Richie Tozier. Stan didn't even bother to finish the rest of the video before he called Eddie.

"Hey Stan," Eddie's voice was a bit disoriented on the phone.

"Don't come to school today."

Some shuffling before an answer *"is everything okay? Stan you can talk--"*

"Eddie, everything's fine just--just promise!"

Silence.

"Alright, but Stan, you can trust me, you know that right?"

"Yeah, I know, bye Eddie."

Beverly & Richie

"No offense but Debra is getting on my fucking nerves." Beverly exhaled sharply and watched as the smoke rose and drifted away.

"Why would I be offended?" Richie let out a dry laugh.

Beverly shrugged, "you slept with her not me." Richie mimicked her shrug.

"Yeah but I don't actually like her," Richie lit up another cigarette, "she's a dick. Plus I didn't even sleep with her, she just might've touched my penis a little." Beverly rolled her eyes before groaning as her phone lit up.

"Jesus Christ my phone's been ringing all day! I thought that I silenced it."

"Mine too," Richie picked up his phone and flipped it open, he squinted at the dark thumbnail. "I can't even see shit."

"Here scooch over," Beverly moved and patted the seat next to her, "you can see it on my phone." Richie obeyed and leaned over Beverly's shoulder as he opened the video.

"Come on, do it. Prove you're not a fag like him," Henry pressured as he shoved Richie's shoulder, Richie gripped the utensil tighter. "Fucking do it!" Henry shoved him again, growing impatient. "You know exactly what to write." Richie glared at Henry and Henry put his hands up defensively. "You're idea not mine, we just happened to be here."

"Fuck you," Richie gritted through his teeth, Henry only laughed before turning serious again.

"Come on, write it, do it."

"Okay! Okay..."

Beverly and Richie's jaws dropped at the scene, Richie's stomach knotted and churned, he felt sick to the bone. Beverly threw her phone down and stood up, she paced around the roof before looking at a dumbfounded Richie. "Richie are you that fucking *stupid*?" Richie opened his mouth but was silenced when Beverly dragged him up by his shirt collar and stared straight into his eyes. "No, scumb like you don't get to talk, but please enlighten me, why the fuck would you do that?" Despite her cool and calm (and threatening) tone she was furious.

"I didn't wanna do it!" Richie shouted, tears stinging his eyes. Bev dropped Richie but still gave him the cold shoulder, she waited patiently for him to continue. "It felt wrong, believe me it did but..." he hung his head. "I wanted to be normal; I know it's no excuse but maybe I didn't wanna be in love with Derry's new gay kid, okay?!"

Beverly stared at Richie before collapsing into a criss cross position.

"Richie you're fucking screwed."

Richie closed his eyes and nodded, "I know."

Bill

Bill chewed on his bloody bottom lip as he rewatched the video over and over and over. He couldn't believe it, no, he wouldn't believe it. Richie he had known the longest, they had been through thick and thin, he knew Richie too well for him to pull this shit on him.

"Oi, Bill, get out the bathroom! I gotta take a shit." Noah pounded on the bathroom stall making Bill jump up.

"C-c-c-c-com-coming" Bill inwardly cursed as he forced out the word, his stuttering always got bad when his emotions were strong, whether it was anger, sadness, or fear. Bill flushed, pulled up his pants and walked out. He washed his hands and scurried out of the bathroom when a drowsy Blech entered.

"Hello?"

"Sta-Stan, thank g-g-g-god, can weh-we me-me-meet up?"

"Y-yeah, *our spot?*"

Bill hummed in agreement as he speed walked to the crappy fields of Derry High. He let out a sigh of relief when he saw an anxious Stan fidgeting behind the school bleachers. He ran and hugged Stan and briefly admired the hickey he'd left behind Stan's ear earlier that

morning.

"Bill! Did you see it?" Bill nodded.

"Sta-Stan beh-beh-before you da-do something, Rha-Richie would n-n-n-ever, we just neh-need to find out why." Stan looked away from Bill, obviously trying to contain his anger. Reluctantly, he agreed and he and Bill decided on a meeting spot to talk to the rest of the losers. It was an old Chemistry classroom that some kids liked to call the 'makeout room'

"When do you think they'll be here?" Bill held on tightly to Stan's quivering hand.

"Stan relax," Bill kissed the corner of Stan's mouth, "we'll get this sorted out."

Stan turned his head and kissed Bill back, "I hope so."

Ben & Mike

Ben and Mike however who were chilling in the library were forcefully dragged into the classroom by the trembling hands of Bev.

"H-hey! For the record, I don't like being manhandled," Mike tried to joke but his laughter died down when he felt how tense the room was. "Guys what happened?"

"That's what I'd like to know," Stan glared at Richie as Bill put a hand on his shoulder, restraining him from jumping on the guilty boy.

"You know I don't have a phone." Mike's face was flushed with embarrassment.

"And my phone fell and broke when I was running away from Henry," Ben added.

Bill sighed, "Rha-Richie thought it was a fuh-fucking good idea to p-p-put the F word on Eddie's locker."

"Alright Bill," Richie began "I already feel like shit you don't gotta make me feel any worse."

"The F word?" Mike tilted his head, utterly confused. "Like 'fuck'?"

"No, it's..." Stan bit down on his chapped bottom lip and turned away.

"Oh."

"Yeah and weh-we're here to s-s-see why Rah-Rah-Richie did th....that."

"I realize that it was a dick move," Richie sighed. "Can we just clean it off and pretend like it didn't happen?"

"Richie I don't know what's going through that twisted fucked up head of yours," Stan shrugged Bills hand and walked towards Richie. "But what you did deserves an explanation, cause I refuse to be friends with-" Stan looked away from Richie when his voice embarrassingly cracked. "-with homophobic assholes."

"He just wanted to fit in," Beverly's voice was soft but firm. "He just wanted too—"

"I can speak for myself but thanks Bev," Richie interrupted. "She is right though; I'm... tired of being a loser okay? I'm sorry but it's true. I'm tired of being the misfit. I just wanna live a normal life but I *can't*. It's so fucking frustrating when you're in love with Derry's Town Homo and you can't even do shit cause you're scared." Richie swallowed down the painful lump on his throat, "I know that I shouldn't have done it, I love Eds too much to actually mean what I wrote but..." he sighed. "Can we just clean it up so he doesn't hate me as much when he comes to school?"

Much to everyone's surprise Stan went over and pulled Richie into a hug. "I hate you so much." It didn't seem like an insult though, there was more fondness than disdain.

"What are we gonna say to Eddie when he gets back?" Mike asked, avoiding everyone's gaze.

Richie pulled away from Stan and ran a hand through his curls, "I'm gonna talk to him after school so tomorrow he won't be so hurt." Beverly smiled at Richie.

"Well look at you, owning up to your mistakes!" Bev smacked his arm playfully.

"Wait wait wait..." the losers looked at Ben, "Richie did you just say you were in love with Eddie?"

"N-no, I'm pretty sure I didn't say that." Richie chuckled nervously and a smile began forming on Ben's lips.

"I'm guessing that Derry's Town Homo is Eddie."

"What? *Pshh* Ben no--"

"Benny you are 100% right, Richie told me himself. He's just embarrassed is all." Beverly pointed out smugly and Richie glared at her.

"Listen guys, just tell me if you think it's weird." Richie muttered, keeping his eyes downcast.

"N-no it's fine, m-m-me and Stan," Bill looked hesitantly at Stan and let out a sigh of relief when Stan nodded. "We-we-we're d-d-d-dating."

"Yeah we figured." Mike spoke up immediately. "If being honest I was hesitant at first; you know me being home schooled and all but now who cares?" Stan gave Mike a soft smile.

"Guys, I don't wanna tell Eddie." Richie ran both hands through his hair and Stan frowned at Richie.

"But you have to tell him."

"Yeah" he sighed, "I know."

"You know, we'll be here for you" Bev threaded her fingers into

Richie's and smiled. Soon Stan was beside Richie, doing the same.

~

Eddie

Eddie drummed his fingers against the top of his desk absently as he thought about the brief phone call with Stan.

"Don't come to school today ."

The thing that ticked Eddie off the most was the fact that Stan already knew that he wasn't coming to school today, so why send him an extra warning? He dug his fingernails into the wood as he glared at his pills. He wasn't in the mood to be forcing himself to not throw up at the rough sensation of pills sliding down his throat, but he reluctantly picked up the bottle and twisted open the white cap. He poured five blue capsules into his hand and swallowed them down with little difficulty. Eddie scrunched up his face in pain as his hands shot up to clutch his throat as he used his saliva to force down a resistant pill.

"Sh-shit," Eddie coughed as he stood up and began stumbling over to the staircase. "W-water..." The ring of the doorbell notified him that someone was at the door, although Eddie wasn't in his best of states, he still wobbled over and opened the door with shaky fingers. "Hello?" His voice was hoarse as he spoke and he desperately blinked back stinging tears.

"Hiya Eds." Eddie let out a small sigh of relief at the familiar nickname, he looked up at Richie with glossy eyes.

"Hey Richie."

"Whoa Eds, you look like absolute--"

"Shit yes I know, and don't call me that dickwad." Richie snickered as he invited himself into the cozy living room.

"Yo, Eddie Spaghetti, I always wondered where you got the nickname 'trashmouth'." Eddie grumbled as he made his way to the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water. He gulped it down slowly, savoring the coolness in his throat.

"My mom," Eddie began, "used to walk me down the street as a punishment and point at kids and call them 'trashmouths.'"

"Meaning?..."

"An ill-behaved piece of shit." Richie hollered at that.

"100 percent accurate." The laughter died down when they made their way to Eddie's lumpy (but comfortable) red sofa. Richie took a deep breath in and held it before exhaling sharply. Eddie turned to him, eyes wide with confusion and concern.

"You okay Rich?"

"No, Eds, I'm not okay." Eddie fully faced Richie now, and Richie began panicking. He could only imagine what would happen to their friendship after this. "I fucked up, like *bad*."

"You kissed Bev?" Eddie asked, leaning in closer, eyes going somewhat cold with betrayal.

"Dude--*no*! Why would that be your first assumption!?" Eddie shrugged before leaning back and giggling. "No, Eds, shut up with that cute laugh, this is serious." Eddie's giddiness died down in his throat. "I...I did something, and I don't know if you'll forgive me but..." Richie buried his head in his hands. "I wrote the F word on your locker."

"Richie, wh--"

"Not fuck, its...its the other one..." Eddie paused and swallowed thickly. "And before you break up this--" Richie gestured between them, "--friendship, I am so, so, sorry. I just wanted to fit in and I guess popularity blinded my shitty morals and *fuck* I am a terrible human being."

"Yeah no shit Sherlock." Eddie snapped playfully.

"Alright Eds, I'm trying to *apologize* here and--"

"This was an apology? Not a very good one by the way." Eddie's expression was far from hate.

"Eds, they took a video of me doing it! When you see it, you'll hate me for sure!" Richie tugged frustratedly at the strands of his curly hair. Eddie shook his head.

"Listen, Richie, it's *fine*, way worse has happened anyways. This is nothing! As long as you won't do it again." Richie bobbed his head up and down furiously and Eddie smiled.

"You owe me sloppy joe's."

"Whatever you say cutie."

"Fuck off you piece of shit Trashmouth."